

# Of Interest to Women.

Miss Mary E. Wilkins Tells of Her First Success—Miss Maud Jeffries as Mercia—The Salvation Army Trouble.

## SALVATION ARMY WOES.

An Inside View of the Source of the Present Difficulties.

The General's Jealousy of Commander and Mrs. Ballington Booth on His Visit Here.

The complications that beset the Salvation Army at this moment, it is well understood, centre about the romantic and fascinating personality of Mrs. Ballington Booth. Since the death of Mrs. General Booth, five years ago, no one has arisen with anything approaching to her commanding talents and influence except Mrs. Ballington. Mrs. Bramwell Booth, the wife of the oldest son, makes no pretence to public ability, and divides her attention between a large family of little girls and the details of the rescue work in England. Mrs. Herbert Booth, a Belgian lady with a sweet face and an even sweeter voice, lives in Toronto, and shares with her husband the command of Canada, but is of a somewhat

overhaunched and staid, the two little children were systematically drilled in the various little nothings that go toward making an old man's visit homely and happy, and the eventful day arrived. But what a rude awakening! Not a thing suited him. The food was not properly cooked, the house was cold and uncomfortable, and, although it was the first time that he had entered his son and daughter's house since he had married them, nine years ago, he had his traps unceremoniously packed and left in high dudgeon, and even when he came as near as Newark, only five miles distant, to one of his meetings, he stubbornly declined to accept the hospitality of the Montclair house again.

It was an omission not to state Friday morning in the description of Mrs. Dimmick's going-away gown that it was made by the ladies' tailors, Anthony & Silverman, of Thirtieth street.

## MISS LEITER'S DEBUT POSTPONED.

There was considerable discussion during the early part of the winter as to whether the youngest daughter of L. Z. Leiter would or would not make her social debut this season, and this in spite of the fact that Miss Margaret is only in her eighteenth year. Washington society was very much interested in the rumor, as Miss

## AMERICAN GIRLS ABROAD.

Miss Maud Jeffries, who as Wilson Barrett's leading lady has recently earned unusual praise in London, is an American girl. Her home is in Memphis, Tenn. Her first dramatic essay in this city was in Mr. Daly's company, where for a year she performed those undistinguished silent parts with which Mr. Daly's has begun so many promising dramatic educations. Miss Jeffries grew tired of the prolonged silence of her parts and resigned.

She had a letter to Wilson Barrett, then about to set sail. Passing his window she thought of her letter. She did not have it with her. "What is the use, anyway?" she said, and started on. Then, with a sudden impulse, she turned, sounded the bell, and presented herself. She was engaged on the spot to join Mr. Barrett's London company. In two weeks she sailed.

It is needless to say that Miss Jeffries is an unusually beautiful woman. Daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair, she bears a certain resemblance to Mary Anderson. Her personal appearance is admirably adapted to those classic plays Wilson Barrett prefers. As Mercia she is a young Christian girl, who leads Marcia to conversion.



Miss Maud Jeffries as Mercia.

what retiring disposition, and finds her most successful work in the production of Salvation Army plays. The oldest daughter of General Booth, Catharine, went to Paris sixteen years ago, and has ever since been absolutely absorbed in the prosecution of the work in France and Switzerland. Care, toil and privation have told upon her. She has lost much of the magnetic power of her early womanhood and bears all the signs of premature age. The youngest daughter, Lucy, is married and is in India. The only unmarried daughter, Eva, is now here, but neither of them as public women rise above mediocrity. Everywhere, therefore, throughout the Army ranks, it is acknowledged that the mantle of the mother of the Army has fallen upon her daughter-in-law.

It is an open secret that the marked deference paid to the Commander and his wife by American people was a source of great annoyance to General Booth when visiting this country a year ago. It did not at all fit in with the elaborate plans that had been made for "demonstrating," as they call it in the Army, in honor of the General, when he came and found that in many places he was only a poor second in public estimation to his son and daughter-in-law.

Whether he was fated to hear their praises sounded loud and strong, and in the houses of many of his hospitable American hosts he did not hesitate to declare his resentment of this misplaced laudation. Salvationists were perplexed and disappointed to observe the total lack of appreciation on the part of the General of all his work done by the Commander and all the wife. Notwithstanding the pains and expense undertaken in connection with the General's visit, the receptions, demonstrations, mammoth meetings, triumphal arches, public addresses of welcome and private hospitalities accorded to him on the most lavish scale, the fact came out at the close of his six months' tour, that tried the faith of the most loyal severely, viz., that from first to last not one word of commendation or approval, either of the efforts made to honor him, or of the work of the Army in this country, escaped the General's lips. On the contrary, he never lost an opportunity of grumbling and finding fault with everything that had been done. The shock and disappointment to the Commander were so great that, after having travelled with his father westward as far as Chicago, he fell sick with nervous prostration. He was threatened with brain fever, and for several weeks his life was despaired of.

This unexpected and altogether unaccountable conduct of the General gave rise to a romantic little episode at the Commander's home, in Montclair, which was known only to a few of the more intimate friends of the Salvation leaders. For several weeks previous to the General's arrival Mrs. Ballington's deft hands were at work making the little house look bright and inviting. Special comforts, if not luxuries, in the way of easy chairs, rugs, carpets, reading desks, etc., were brought in; decorations and illuminations of the most approved Salvation Army pattern went up. The General's bill of fare—scented weeks before from London—was carefully

might not have looked upon our silver implements with favor. They might even have contemptuously dubbed them toys, but their grandeur has been learned to combine the aesthetic with the prosaic, and this season's ardent devotees will stitch and hem none the less well because the

## BALCONIES AND LOVE MAKING.

It is an unromantic girl or woman who will not admit that the most ideal situation in life is to sit on a balcony in the moonlight with rose and scarf and be made love to by a young man on the grass below. Of such love-making the most timorous maiden will admit the charm. The balcony scene in "Romeo and Juliet" is doubtless responsible for this unanimity of feeling. The popularity of this scene always makes the designing of this balcony an important detail in the play. Adelaide Neilson had an oblong balcony with angles and a stone balustrade, through which her gown could be seen. Margaret Mather had a semi-circular balcony, small and solid. This was a disappointment, as the actress filled the space as if it had been built around her. Mary Anderson had a long gallery, such as one sees in a Southern mansion, running along the side of the house, and the memory of that graceful form dimly seen flitting hither and yon in the darkness is something to treasure. For the balcony scene of the approaching production of "Romeo and Juliet," by Juliet Marlowe and her husband, Robert Taber, call him, has been called upon. Mr. Platt has made a study of Italian gardens, and this scene is to correspond to the time and place.

## A NURSE SHE WOULD BE.

The two daughters of Mrs. Charles Wheeler, of Philadelphia, have chosen diverse paths. One elected to be Countess Pappenheim, with all that that implies, and it has implied much. The younger, Ethel, has determined to be a nurse. She is young, only just eighteen. Her determination has been opposed by her family. That a young girl with such brilliant prospects as would naturally be hers should choose a life of self-sacrifice rather than one of luxury is inevitably puzzling to her friends. She has, however, persisted in her desire and has entered on her training in the Penn Hospital.

A million of bonnets were sold in one week in London. This conveys the assurance that a million women had new bonnets. Man's view of woman's happiness is expressed in this figure. If this view be correct these figures represent a lump sum of woman's happiness cheerful to contemplate.

## HOW THEY DO IT IN JAPAN.

A single chrysanthemum set in a glass vase, yet it attracted more attention than all the massed flowers the house contained. The hostess had travelled in Japan. She was replete with decorative suggestions from the land of her favorite flower. The discussion had been a long one, and finally ended by her surrender of all but her low window to the family demand. That one spot she reserved for her very own. As it was separated from the room by hangings, it was complete in itself and the experiment was a satisfactory one. The flower, with its long-leaved stem, was seen to perfection. Every point of its beauty was apparent. Not a detail was lost. The splendid wedding plume rose like a queen to finish and perfect all. Seen through the glass and the pure water the stem and the leaves took on an added beauty, and for the first time many of the guests were brought to see how much we lose by overlooking. That one gorgeous blossom made a greater effect than did dozens of others that were allowed each to kill the other. Masses of color often give great results, but the study of one perfect flower reveals new beauties at every turn.

In that land, to which we owe so many



decorative suggestions, young girls are trained to see beauty in natural growth. The adornment of the room is part of the daily routine. By such means the women come to know and to love the flowers, and to feel that each should have its due. They feel that it is committing a wrong to deprive any one of its just rights.

When one looks on at the lavish, the wanton use of the hundreds of blossoms, and realizes what the Japanese do with a few, she stands appalled. For economic reasons, at least, it might be well to study their methods and to learn just what one chrysanthemum can be made to do. There is the very land that yields the flower at its best it is never abused, never made to lose its individuality in a medley of colors or in a mass.

Indeed the Japanese go so far as to bring forth one vase at a time. Its beauty enjoyed to the full, it is retired and another takes its place. Never by any chance is crowding allowed. Just what visitors think of our New York drawing rooms is not easy to ascertain, but a few experiments such as the one tried by the determined hostess would reveal mines of unsuspected wealth.

## SPRING SEWING MINGLES WITH LENTEN DEVOTION.

Lent with all its rigors is upon us. No self-respecting woman but has some task on hand. Purple is the color of the hour. Violets and lilacs are chosen flowers. Not to assume some penitential token is to be hopelessly out of style. The one relaxation allowed is the use of the needle in plain ways. Sewing, whether it be the delicate, prosaic sort or dainty embroidery, is essentially a Lenten occupation. With that fact in view wise women have equipped themselves to the full and have arranged work baskets as attractive as they are complete. The equipment is essentially tasteful. Even Lenten observances are gilded in these latter days. Our grandmothers

needles are incased in silver and the gauge is as dainty as gauge can be. One woman has chosen pink for her color, although she admits it is rather gay. Each of the many objects is silver and she feels that they will not be confined to the coming six weeks. Therefore, though rather dubious at first, she has ventured upon the pink and will do penance by working the harder, doing less needlework and more prosaic stitching of hems and tucks.

The foundation of the basket is a big round Japanese hat of a soft gray tone and flexible straw. The brim is turned down over the crown and caught to it at four points. Four pockets are made of pink

material has let her fancy turn free and has picked up the same objects such as she liked best, only clinging to pink wherever color was used. Whole sets in chrysanthemum, marguerite or any flower one prefers are, however, much in vogue and preferred by the greater number of workers who are sworn to use the needle in Lent if at no other time.

The pin cushion of the pink basket is a jewel in its way and is held fast between two silver daisies with centres of gold. The cushion proper is of velvet and is so well made that the pins slip in and out with the greatest ease. Being flat, it occupies little space and is considered one of

the best designs the season has to show. The needle case that accompanies it is simply but elegantly chased. The bodkin is a souvenir of St. Valentine and takes the shape of an arrow, but is split through the middle so that the ribbon may run straight. The glove mender is quite plain and severe.

have but to take to the "closet" the dirty sheets each morning and receive in their place clean ones. The charity is supplied with new sheets and pillow cases by Lenten sewing classes. That the clean linen is appreciated by the beneficiaries is proved by the fact that a large supply of new sheets, etc., is needed every few months, the old ones having in that time been worn to rags.

## UTAH HONORS WOMEN.

Mrs. Lillian R. Pardee, although a wife and mother, has found time to distinguish herself in many ways. She has the unique honor to be Secretary of the Senate for the New State of Utah. She is an ardent suffragist and was nominated for a seat in the Senate, but on the decision of the Supreme Court of the State that it was illegal for women to vote, voluntarily withdrew her name. In recommending her for her present post the President of the Senate stated that he did so in the conviction that she was eminently well fitted for the place, her previous record as secretary of the County Committee having been a brilliant and satisfactory one.

## ON A WAGER.

A gastronomic feat recently accomplished by a Gotham girl consisted in eating quickly, one after another, eight oranges. The other contestant only succeeded in disposing of seven. They both lived to tell the tale, and are ready to try again if occasion offers.

Easter bonnets are already to be seen at the milliners. Many of them are made entirely of flowers.

The new shirt waists for the coming season have fancy collars and cuffs. Some of the prettiest ones are trimmed down the front and sleeves with lusterine.

## GOING ON TO-DAY.

To-night Colonel and Mrs. Frederick D. Grant have invited a number of friends to dine. Mrs. Grant's sister, Mrs. Potter Palmer, will be the guest of honor, though no more charming person is ever welcomed by society.

This afternoon Mrs. William Cardozo has invited her friends to a Japanese tea. Young women in the picturesque attire of the almond-eyed maidens will pour the beverage, while the matrons assembled will discuss Lenten devotions over the tea cups, and, incidentally, be regaled with music by an orchestra.

Lenten card clubs are the popular diversion of the hour, and are usually formed of a coterie of neighborhood friends. One of these, the Progressive Euchre club, will be entertained in handsome style by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kiehl to-night.

Mr. and Mrs. William Jackson, of No. 556 Madison avenue, will entertain at cards this evening a number of society people. The favors and souvenirs of the occasion have been selected without regard to cost, and are said to be beautiful and appropriate.

Sherry's will be a scene of gaiety to-night, when the Amusement Club will assemble as the guests of Mrs. von Everest Thompson.

Instructive readings are to be a feature of the Lenten season, and for this purpose congenial coterie of women have formed themselves into cliques and secured the services of celebrated men and women to talk to them upon specific subjects. The woman who delights in art chooses to attend lectures of this character. Those who seek general knowledge belong to many of the temporary clubs. These sessions are robbed of its most poignant sting, and society manages to survive the interval of amusement deprivation.

For the next six weeks Professor Wisner will lecture in French at many private houses; Lalla Baldwin Morton will talk about "The American Race" at the Waldorf; Tuesdays during Lent, Arthur Howard Pickering will immortalize the poetry of Browning by his clever analyses of the poet's well-known characters. Miss Adeline Fieldie will impart useful information upon varied topics several times a week, as well as continue to teach Parliamentary law. Mrs. Edith Sessions Tupper announces two morning talks on March 4 and 11, in the drawing room of the Berkeley building. The beauty of the "Grand Canyon of the Colorado" and the interesting facts concerning the "Old Missions of California" will be told in graphic style by the competent lecturer.

At the Photographer's. Photographer—Now, madam, please kindly put on your most pleasant look. One—two—three. Thank you. Now you may resume your ordinary expression.—Maurice Greifenhagen.

## MISS MARY E. WILKINS'S FIRST SUCCESS.

No writer of the present day, man or woman, has obtained the same recognition at home and abroad as Miss Mary E. Wilkins. In England she is read, if not as widely, with as much enthusiasm as in this country. She has been called the De Maupassant of America. The parallel is established by reason of the same simplicity of motive, and the same effacement of the personality of the writers in favor of the stories they tell, of the characters in which they are interested.



Sketch of Miss Mary E. Wilkins.

The home of Mary E. Wilkins is out on the "Old Colony" road, a little more than half an hour's ride from Boston, in the little town of Randolph. It is this quiet little town that has produced many of the characters and sketches woven in her stories.

Miss Wilkins's own home is a simple little white village house. She is a young woman, a little frail-looking creature, with a splendid quantity of light brown hair, and dark blue eyes, with a clear, frank expression—eyes that readily grow bright with fun. She is fond of country life and country ways, but notwithstanding the theory she advances, in her stories of love to all living creatures, is afraid of cows, caterpillars and other creeping things. She is unaffected and frank—winning as her stories.

Her art is quite her own, and is enjoyed by the cultivated as well as by those who appreciate the difficulty of making into literature the simple comedies and tragedies of lives commonly considered dull and commonplace. "The circumstances of my literary start in story writing are very simple. A dead friend to whom I had been previously much indebted for advice and encouragement sent me an announcement of a prize offer of \$50 for a short story by the Boston Sunday Budget. I then wrote my first story and won the prize. Then I wrote my second, 'Two Old Lovers,' which I sent to Mrs. Booth for Harper's Bazar. My writing has always been rather unformed, and she at first thought some child had written the story, and she would not take the trouble to read it. But something in it arrested her attention, and she did read it and accepted it for the Bazar. Then I wrote, I think, 'A Mistaken Charity' and 'A Symphony in Lavender.' Both were accepted by Mrs. Booth. Then I wrote 'A Humble Romance,' which was accepted by Harper's Magazine. After that there is nothing to tell. I simply continued writing. I feel that I have great reason to be thankful that I had so few difficulties to encounter in starting upon my literary career."

## SLEEVES THAT REVEAL IN HALF CONCEALING.



Elbow sleeves are the sleeves of the season. With that regard for fashion which has made the sex famous, all women, those who possess beautiful wrists and those who do not, have accepted the edict. All sorts of devices are employed both to simplify and to elaborate, but whatever else may be changed, the fundamental fact remains. Chiffon, lace, soft muslin, silk, all go to the make-up. The droop from the shoulder is maintained. Flowers encircle the shoulder, and all sorts of surprises by means of which the upper arm can be shown in part, are in vogue. The only law is length.

The finish even is as varied as are the stuffs from which they are made. For an elbow that is faultless a band of roses is extremely chic, but the arm that shows one vestige of bone at the joint calls for soft frills that attract even while they conceal.

A dainty gown of rose bud chiffon shows a generous puff, finished at the shoulder and elbow alike with a band of roses, and further enhanced by an opening over the top of the arm. The lovely girl for whom it was designed shows such fascinating dimples that no wise modiste would think of adding a frill. Gloves are worn, to be sure, but there are always occasions when they must be removed, and even so covered the form is still felt. The opening above is intended to correct in part the one fault of the elbow sleeve, that it conceals the more beautiful and reveals the less attractive portion of the arm. It succeeds so far that it lends just that charm which comes of beauty half concealed. Artists say that the sleeve of elbow length has no reason in its being, they claiming the right to unimpaired beauty of line, but to the women who seek effect in dress it is a boon nevertheless. Certain classic arms would be well uncovered for their entire length, but—alas, that such a truth should be so unarmless are few, and even artists are better served by the sleeve of elbow length.

A pretty fashion, and one that effects a compromise, drapes the sleeve over the upper portion and allows freedom to a small part of the upper arm. Such a one made all of chiffon is soft and lovely, but would scarcely bear copying in any material less delicate.

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